

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

Price 25¢ A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5¢.

Whole Number 5¢.

DANDELIONS AND VIOLETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dandelions and violets,
Flecking the meadow over,
I bury my face in your golden sheen
Down in the cool sweet clover.
Your soft touch on my eyelids pressing
Brings me repose and a blessing.
I do not think it ever was December,
And heavy years I faint would not remember.
Only my fair and radiant meadows lie,
Bougeoned in bloom beneath the gladning sky.

Dandelions and violets
Shut out the wide, wide prairie,
The lost, lost years have never died,
Oh I am no more awary!
Adown a low, New Hampshire valley,
Again my longing footsteps daily;
The world is white with tender bloomings
A young moon lights the early gloaming;
The giant hills, my hills, all hoary,
Rear high to make New England's crown
and glory.

Dandelions and Violets,
"Ye neither toil nor spin."
I claim your golden brotherhood,
I am to ye akin.
Let life surge on with tireless fretting;
Down the long meadows all forgetting,
Where billowy elms along the shore are
swaying,
And fair young girls in aprons white are
playing.
Far from life's turmoil let us lie,
Where toll, nor fame, can dim our tranquil sky.

Dandelions and Violets,
Tell me your low, sweet story—
There are no graveyards in the world,
No faces under your gloom.
There are no hearts in anguish breaking,
No souls astray with weary waiting;
The loved ones whom we cannot see are
roaming
The morning's heights while we lie in the
gloaming.
Oh! God is over all, the sky is beaming
In the meadow, 'mong the blooms a-dreaming.
MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GEORGE
CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

RETROSPECT.

There must be some retrospect to make things intelligible; and it may as well be given at once.

Mr. North, now of Dallory Hall, had got on entirely by his own persevering industry. Of obscure, though in a certain way very respectable parentage, he had been placed as working apprentice to a firm in Whitborough. It was a firm in extensive work, not confining itself to one branch. They took contracts for public buildings, small and large; they did mechanical engineering; they had planned one of the early railways. John North—plain Jack North he was known as, then—remained with the firm when he was out of his time, and got on in it. Thrifty, steady, and plodding, he rose from one step to another; and at length, in conjunction with one who had been in the same firm, he set up for himself. This other was Thomas Gass. Gass had not risen from the ranks, as North had; he was of good connections and had received a superior education; but his friends were poor. North and Gass, as the new firm called itself, began business near to Dallory; quietly at first—as all people, who truly look to get on, generally do begin. They rose rapidly. The confined premises grew into great ones; the small contracts into larger. People said luck was with them—and it truly it seemed so. The Dallory works became of note in the county, employing quite a colony of people: the masters were respected and sought after. Both of them lived at Whitborough; Mr. North with his wife and family; Mr. Gass a bachelor.

Thomas Gass had one brother; a clergyman. Their only sister, Fanny, a pretty young girl, had her home with him in his rectory, but she came often to Whitborough on a visit to Thomas. Suddenly it was announced to the world that she had engaged herself to be married to a Captain Hane, entirely against the wish of her two brothers. She was under twenty; Captain Rane, a poor naval man on half-pay, was nearly old enough to be her grandfather. Their objection lay not so much to this, as to him. For some cause or other, neither liked him. The Reverend William Gass forbade his sister to think of him; Mr. Thomas Gass (a very man) swore he would never afterwards look upon her as a sister, if she persisted in thus throwing herself away.

Miss Gass did persist. She had the obstinate spirit of her brother Thomas, though without his fire. She chose to take her own way, and married Captain Hane. They sailed at once for Madras; Captain Rane having obtained some post there, connected with the government ships.



THE KING PENGUIN.

This remarkable class of swimming birds is found exclusively in the Antarctic regions.

When on the ground, the penguin stands quite upright; indeed, as he walks, or rather waddles along after the attendant who feeds him, the resemblance to a little, grave-looking old man, wrapped in a silvery gray cloak with hanging sleeves, is so apt a caricature, a caricature so absurdly truthful, that one cannot resist indulging in a hearty laugh at the oddity of his gait.

Wings, strictly speaking, the penguin has none—if by wings are meant the requisite organs for supporting it in the air; but, destined to dwell in the ocean, the ordinary form of wing would have been a useless hindrance. Hence they are changed into paddles of a most efficient kind, enabling it to move with as much ease and celerity

through the turbulent waves as the powerfully winged condor and eagle cleave the air.

Weddell, in his journal of "A Voyage towards the South Pole," thus speaks of the king penguin as he found it in the island of South Georgia. He says that, "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed, even by the peacock, to which, in beauty of plumage, they are indeed very little inferior. During the time of mounting they seem to repel each other with disgust, as if they might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer."

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water, she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has

frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water,

she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of

to get out of; above all, in spite of their own prejudices, Dallory grew to like and respect Mrs. Gass, and its small gentleness to admit her to their houses on an equality.

And so, time and years went on. Mr. North withdrawing himself more and more from personal attendance on the business, which seemed to have grown utterly distasteful to him. His son had become young man. Edmund was a civil engineer: by profession at least not much by practice. Never of strong health, given to expensive and idle habits, Edmund North was in general either in trouble abroad, or leading a gay life at home, his time being much divided between going into caucasian passions and writing poetry. Richard was at the works, the mairspring and prop of the business. Mr. Gass had become a confirmed invalid, and could not personally attend; Mr. North did not. There was only Richard—Died, as they all called him; but he was a host in himself. Of far better powers to bring to bear on it than Mr. North had ever possessed, highly educated, of cultivated mind, he was a thorough man of business, and at the same time a finished gentleman. Energetic, persevering, decisive in control, but of courteous and considerate manners to the very lowest, Richard North was loved and respected. He walked through life doing his duty by his fellow men; striving to do it to God. He had been tried at home in many ways since his father's second marriage, and borne all with patient endurance; how he was tried out of home, he alone knew.

For a long while past there had been trouble in the firm, ill-feeling between the two old partners; chiefly because Mr. North put no limit to the sums he drew out for his private account. Poor Mr. North at length confessed that he could not help it: the money was wanted by his wife; though how on earth she contrived to get rid of so much, even with all her extravagance, he could not conceive. Mr. Gass insisted on a separation: John North must withdraw from the firm; Richard might take his place. Poor Mr. North yielded, meek as any lamb. "Don't let it get abroad," he only stipulated, speaking as if he were half heart-broken, which was nothing new. "I should not like it to be known that I was superseded." They respected his wishes, and the change was made privately: very few having cognizance that the senior partnership in the firm had passed into different hands. Thenceforth Mr. North ceased to have control over the business; in fact to have any actual connection with it. Dallory suspected it not; Mrs. North had not the faintest idea of it. Richard North signed the checks as he had done before, "North and Gass;" and perhaps the bank alone knew that he signed them now as principal.

Richard was the scape-goat now. Mr. North's want of money, or rather his wife's, did not cease: the sum arranged to be paid to him as a retiring pension—a very liberal sum, and Mr. Gass grumbled at it seemed to be as nothing; it melted in Madam's hands like so much water. Richard was constantly appealed to by his father; and responded generously, though it crippled him.

The next change came in the shape of Mr. Gass's death. The bulk of his property was left to his wife; a small portion, comparatively speaking, to charity and servants; two thousand pounds to Richard North. He also bequeathed to his wife his interest in the business, which by the terms of the deed of partnership he had power to do. So that his share of the capital was not drawn out, and the firm remained, actually as well as virtually, North and Gass. People generally supposed that the "North" was Mr. North; and Madam went into a cold sea of indignation at her husband's name being put in conjunction with "that woman's." In the years gone by, Mr. North used to have a nice time of it, finding it a difficult matter to steer his course between his partner and Madam, so as to give offence to neither. Madam had never condescended to notice Thomas Gass's wife in the smallest degree; she took to abuse her now, asking her husband how he could suffer himself to be associated with her. Mr. North, when goaded almost beyond bearing, had much ado to keep his tongue from retorting that it was not himself that was associated with her, but Richard.

Mr. Gass showed her good sense in regard to the partnership, as she did in most things. She declined to interfere actively in the business. Richard North went to her house twice or thrice a week to keep her cognizant of what was going on; he consulted her opinion on great matters, just as he had used to consult her husband's. She knew she could trust him. Ever and anon she would volunteer some advice to himself personally; which was invariably good. It could not be concealed from her that large sums (exclusively Richard's) were ever finding their way to the Hall, and for this she took him to task. "Stop it, Mr. Richard," she said—always as respectful to him as she used to be in her housekeeping days; "stop it, sir. Their wants be like a bottomless sack, the more grain you pour into it, the more you may. It's doing them no good; no good, mind. An end must come to it some time, or you'll be in the workhouse. The longer it goes on, the more difficult it will be to put an end to, and the harder for them." But Richard, sorely tried between prudence and filial duty, could not bring himself to stop it so easily; and the thing went on.

We must now go back to Mrs. Cumberland. It was somewhat singular that, the very week Thomas Gass lay dead, she should make her unexpected appearance at Dallory. But so it was. Again a widow, she had come home to settle near her brother Thomas. She arrived just in time to see him put into his coffin. The other brother, William, had been dead for years. Mrs. Gass, who knew all about the entanglement, received her with marked kindness, and heartily offered her a home for the future.

But that was declined. Mrs. Cumberland preferred to have a home of her own, possessing ample means to set up in a moderate way. She gave a sketch of her past life to Mrs. Gass. After her marriage with the Reverend George Cumberland, they had remained for some time at his chaplaincy in the Madras presidency; but his health began to fail, and he exchanged to Australia. Subsequent to that, years later, he obtained a duty in Madras. Upon his death, which occurred recently, she came to England. Her only son, Oliver Rane, had been sent home, at the age of seven, and was placed with a preceptor in London. When the time came for him to choose a profession, he fixed on the medical, and qualified himself for it, studying in London, Paris, and Austria. He passed all the examinations with great credit, including that in the College of Physicians. He next paid a visit to Ma-

deira, remaining three months there with his mother and step-father, and then came home and established himself in London, with money furnished by his mother. But prudence does not always come quickly to young beginners, and Oliver Rane issued his money dwindling. He had a horror of business, and wisely decided to keep out of it: taking a situation as apothecary, and giving up the expensive home he had entered on. This had just been effected when Mrs. Cumberland returned. For the present she let her son remain as he was: Oliver had all a young man's pride and ambition, and she thought the discipline might do him good.

Mrs. Cumberland took on lease one of the two handsome gothic villas at the neck of the Ham, and established herself in it; with Jolly for a waiting maid, and two other servants for the work. This necessitated the spending the whole of her income, which was a very fair one. A portion of it would die with her, the rest was willed to her son Oliver.

In the old days when she was Fanny Gass, and Mr. North plain John North-Jack, with his friends—they were intimate as elder brother and young sister. If Mrs. Cumberland expected this agreeable state of affairs to be resumed, she was destined to find herself mistaken. Madam set her scornful face utterly against Mrs. Cumberland: just as she had against others. It did not matter. Mrs. Cumberland simply pitied the underbred woman: her health was very delicate, and she did not intend to visit any one. The gentlepeople of the neighborhood called upon her; she returned the call, and there the friendship ended. When invitations first came in, she wrote a refusal, explaining clearly and courteously why she was obliged to do so. If she and Mr. North met each other, as by chance happened, she would linger in conversation, and be happy in the reminiscences of the past days.

Mrs. Cumberland had thus lived on in quiet retirement for some time, when the medical man who had the practice of Dallory Ham, and some of that of Dallory, died suddenly. She saw what an excellent opportunity it would be for her son to establish himself, if he would but take up general practice, and she sent summons for him. When Oliver arrived in answer to it, he entered into the prospect warmly; left his mother to make arrangements, and returned to London, to compass his removal. Mrs. Cumberland went to Mr. North, and obtained his ready promise to do what he could to push Oliver. It was equivalent to an assurance of success—for Dallory Hall swayed its neighbors—and Mrs. Cumberland did not hesitate to secure the other gothic villa adjoining her own (which happened to be vacant,) believing the future practice would justify it. In a week's time Oliver Rane came down and took possession.

But Fate was against him. Dr. Rane said treachery. A young fellow whom he knew in London had told a medical friend—Mr. Alexander—of this great practice that had fallen in at Dallory, and that Rane was thinking to secure for himself. What was Dr. Rane's mortification when, upon arriving at the week's end at Dallory Ham to take possession, he found another there before him. Mr. Alexander had come the previous day, was already established in an opposite house, and had called on everybody. Dr. Rane went over and reproached him with treachery—they had not previously been personally acquainted. Dr. Alexander received the charge with surprise; he declared that the field was as open for him as for Dr. Rane—that if had not thought so, nothing would have induced him to enter for it. He spoke his true sentiments, for he was a straightforward man. An agent in Whitborough had also written up to tell him of this opening; he came to look at it, and decided to try it. The priority, the right to monopolize it, was no more. Dr. Rane's, he urged, than it was his. Dr. Rane took a different view, and said so; but contention would not help the matter now, and he could only yield to circumstances. So each held to his right in apparent amicability, and Dallory got two doctors instead of one; secret rivals from henceforth.

Not for a moment did Oliver Rane think Mr. Alexander could long hold out against him, as he had secured, through his mother, the favor of Dallory Hall. Alas, a very short while showed him that this was a mistake: Dallory Hall turned round upon him, and was doing what it could to push his rival. Mrs. Cumberland went to Mr. North, seeking an explanation. He could only avow the truth—that his wife, who was both master and mistress, had set her face against Oliver, and was recommending Alexander. "John, you promised me," urged Mrs. Cumberland. "I know I did; and I'd keep it if I could," was Mr. North's dismal answer—"but why should she have taken this dislike to Oliver?" rejoined Mrs. Cumberland. "Heaven knows; a captive, I suppose. She sets herself against people without reason: she has never taken to either Richard or Bessy; and only a little to Edmund. If I can do anything for Oliver under the rose, I'll do it: my will's good to help him, Fanny, in remembrance of our friendship of the old days."

Mrs. Cumberland took home news of her son's success to Oliver. As to Madam, she simply ignored him, throwing her patronage into the scale of his rival. How bitterly the sight sat upon his heart, none save himself could tell. Mrs. Cumberland resented it; but she, not as he did. A sense of wrong was ever weighing his spirits down, and he thought Fate was against him. One prayer remained on his mind unsolved—what he could have done to offend Mrs. North.

Mr. Alexander obtained a巧实践: his wants and those of the old servant Paullis were not many. Perhaps the entire fault did not lie with Madam. Alexander had the more open manner and address, and they go a long way with people; he was also an older man and a married man, and was supposed to carry better experience. A bitter sense of injury rankled ever in Oliver Rane's heart; of injury inflicted by Alexander. Meanwhile he became engaged to Bessy Rane. During an absence from home of Madam, the doctor grew intimate at the Hall, and an attachment sprung up between him and Bessy. When Madam came back, his visits had to cease, but he saw Bessy at Mrs. Gass's and elsewhere.

I think that is all of retrospect—and a pretty long one it has been. It brings us down to the present time, to the period of the anonymous letter and Edmund North's death. Exactly two years ago this same month, May, the rival doctors had appeared in Dallory Ham; and now one of them was going to leave it.

Just an incident must be told, bearing on something that has been related, and then the chapter shall close.

The summer of the past year had been a

very hot one. And a laboring man, working on Mr. North's grounds, suddenly fell; and died on the spot. Mr. Alexander, unmercifully, thought it must have been sunstroke. "That is what my father died of," remarked Bohun, who stood with the rest. Mr. North turned to him: "Do you say your father died of sun-stroke, Arthur?" "Yes, sir, that is what he died of, did you not know it?" was the ready reply. "You are sure of that?" continued Mr. North. "Quite sure, sir," repeated Arthur, turning his dreamy blue eyes full upon his step-father, in all their proud truthfulness.

Mr. North knew that he spoke in the sincerity of belief. Arthur Bohun possessed in eminent degree the pride of his father's race. That innate, self-conscious sense of superiority that is a sort of safeguard to those who possess it: the noblesse oblige feeling that keeps them from wrong-doing. It's true Arthur Bohun held an exalted view of his birth and family; in so far as that his pride in it equalled that of any man living or dead. He was truthful, generous, honorable; the very opposite in all respects to his mother. Her pride was an assumed pride, a despotic, false, contemptible pride, offensive to those with whom she came into contact. Arthur's was one that you admired in spite of yourself. Of a tarnish to his honor, he could almost have died; to bring disgrace on his own name or on his family, would have caused him to bury his head forever. Sensitive regardful of other people's feelings, of courteous manner to all, he yet unmistakably held his own in the world. His father had been just the same; and in his day was called "Proud Bohun."

He has asserted that Major Bohun died of sun-stroke, had any doubt of the fact lain on his mind, would have been simply impossible to Arthur Bohun. Therefore, Mr. North saw that, whatever the mystery might be, in regard to the real cause of Major Bohun's death, Arthur was not cognizant of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KIRK A. POE.

We quote from "The Old Guard," on the fourth page of this week's paper, a notice of Edgar A. Poe, apparently from the pen of one that knew him intimately.

The judgment there given of Poe's character in certain respects, may seem a harsh one, and yet we are afraid there is considerable truth in it.

The only time that we remember to have met with Mr. Poe, was shortly after assuming the editorship of this paper. The door of our private room opened one day, and two gentlemen entered. One of them introduced himself as Edgar A. Poe, and said he had called respecting an editorial which had appeared some time previous in THE POST, accusing him of having published as his own a work on Conchology which was really copied almost word for word from an English work on that subject. He said he wished a denial of the statement published.

We replied that we were not the editor of THE POST at the time the charge in question appeared, but that we happened to know all about it. That a brother of ours was interested in the study of Conchology, and had purchased a copy of Mr. Poe's work. It seemed upon reading very familiar to him, and having recourse to the English work referred to, which was in his library, he found the two works were precisely the same. We added to this statement, that our brother could be seen at any time at his place of business, where he would be willing to produce the English work for Mr. Poe's inspection. And if a satisfactory explanation of the curious resemblance of the two works could be given, we would cheerfully publish it in THE POST.

Mr. Poe passed a few words which we either did not hear, or do not now remember, with his friend, and bidding us good-morning left the room, saying he would see our brother upon the subject.

As Mr. Poe, however, never did see our brother upon the subject, and as no explanation ever was forwarded to us by him, we concluded that he perceived the plagiarist was too huge and palpable to be explained away, even by a master in the art of hair-splitting, and that the less that he said about it, the less other people would say about it.

That Mr. Poe was a man of genius is undoubtedly—that he possessed many excellent and amiable qualities we think very probable.

As to his genius however, we think it shines more conspicuously in his prose than in his poetical works; although "THE RAVEN," notwithstanding it is open to the objection of being an artificial composition rather than a true and genuine Poem, must be admitted to be both an original and very impressive production.

We may add here, that we do not agree with the author of the article we have quoted, relative to the treatment of Poe by Mr. Griswold. The latter was appointed by Poe his "literary executor," and accepted the trust—and then acted as if the meaning of "executor" was executioner. He pre-fixed a biography of Poe to the official edition of his works, in which Poe's great faults of character were openly displayed.

Acting in his own behalf, this would have been justifiable—but acting as the "literary executor" of Poe, it always seemed to us utterly unjustifiable. A man in such a case, it seems to us, should

"Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide the shame."

JOURNALISM.

In a letter to our respected contemporary, Major Fress, of the Germantown Telegraph, the Hon. J. W. Forney, of "The Press," declines being considered a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Forney's letter is very pleasantly and happily written; and he tells us besides some truths which we think that editors in general should consider more frequently than they do. We quote as follows:

It may be a very idle thing to say that I have not the slightest ambition to be Governor of Pennsylvania; but it is nevertheless a true thing. The gubernatorial grapes are not sour to me; for I have never longed for them. Let me give you a few general thoughts on the subject to convince you of the perfect sincerity of this unalterable decision.

If your own proud independence as a journalist did not admonish me that newspaper men in America are most powerful out of office, the fact that our avocation has none of the *esprit du corps* of other professions would be conclusive. Take the editors of the United States as a class, and it is not true that they are signalized for representation, administrative and executive positions. Their very business compels them to understand government and men. They have to study the wants, the habits, the principles, the resources, and the destinies of the people. They know politics as "the seaman knows the sea." There is hardly a country-town in America, north or south, in which the local editor is not worth to the community a dozen party leaders, no matter how you consider them. And yet how rarely he is thought of. Now and then he is propitiated by a little county office, but when high honors are to be distributed some wily lawyer or mousing incapability wins the prize, and the editor retires to his work of making public opinion for the regular nomination.

Whose fault is this? I answer, *our own*. No sooner is a journalist nominated for a prominent position than straightforward journalists proceed to pull him down. Bless us! how we delight to blacken each other; and how successfully we do it: as apparent by the applause of the office-hunters, who would meet a very different fate if only we could be united. I may be told that there are editors in Congress; but those who get in and stay there—men like Brooks, Colfax, Anthony, Blaine, and Dawes—have long ago given up their profession. A lawyer goes

into Congress and practices his profession, and nobody complains; but let a newspaper man try the same experiment, and he is once held up to ridicule, and reviled by his own constituents. In France, and recently in England, some of the most influential statesmen are journalists, writing for their papers while they lead in debate; and in Germany, when Bismarck sat in the German Parliament, he was one of the best, and one of the best-known of the Berlin journalists.

I have tried the experiment to the full, and found it fatiguing and laborious always.

But, seriously, I have not the slightest ambition for any office whatever. Had the time I have given to public station been devoted to my business, I should to-day be a more contented and prosperous man. It is true that sort of experience has not been without its uses. I have had many opportunities to meet and to study leading characters; to discriminate between the false and the true; to separate the gold from the dross; to realize that the nearer we get to some of the gods the surer we are to find them very common clay, indeed.

And after all is over, I do not know a more honorable position than that of an independent editor, and I come back to my work with a zest I would not exchange for a generation in the gubernatorial office. I have a very great desire to see the newspaper men as proud of their avocation, and as chivalric in their relations to each other, as the lawyers and the doctors. I would like to convince them that their recriminations are only so many confessions of their inferiority; and that, until they devote themselves to impersonal journalism, they can never enjoy the perfect self-respect without which no occupation can be permanently prosperous or pleasant. Let us not forget that we are forever making great men out of small material, and that if a very little share of the space given to the cultivation of a good understanding in business and social affairs among ourselves, the number of nobodies in office would diminish, and the editor would no longer be disfranchised by his readiness to fly at his brother's throat, and his willingness to help inferiority into superior position.

All of which we commend to the attention of the editorial fraternity generally. Let editors learn to be true to themselves, as well as not to be false to others. Of course they should not support a brother editor for an official position simply because he is an editor, but neither should they despise him simply for that cause. And more, let them cease, as Mr. Forney says, "the making of great men out of small material," to the injury of the country, and their own comparative degradation. Because a man is the candidate of a party for some high office, is no reason that he should be eulogized as a little god by one set of editors, and depreciated as an utter knave and fool by another set. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred he is neither the one nor the other.

SINGULAR OR PLURAL.

A New York paper gives the following cases in which the name of the United States is used in the plural in the Federal Constitution:

The Constitution says, Article II, section 1, paragraph 7, that the President shall receive during his term of office a fixed compensation for his services, and he shall not receive within that period any other emoluments from the United States or any of them. Also, article I, section 9, paragraph 7: "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall receive presents from a foreign power unless with the permission of Congress. Also, Article III, section 3, paragraph 1: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in aiding and abetting their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

It also quotes from the thirteenth amendment, recently adopted:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

We believe that the custom of speaking of the United States in the plural, and using a plural verb in connection with "them," has been almost, if not quite, universal from the very formation of the Constitution. That this of itself is an argument, so far as it goes, that the Union is simply a league of sovereign States, we think can hardly be denied. But that the Union, as we find it now, is in its sphere a single, sovereign force, acting upon the whole people mainly by and through its own executive and judicial officers, it will also be difficult to deny. The Union as it is thus in reality, signifies the United States; and the United States the Union. And inasmuch as the Union never suggests itself to us as a plurality, and we never say, "the Union are at peace," so it seems to us equally incorrect to say "the United States are at peace."

Of course we see the inference that may be drawn from this—that the Constitution as it is, is not the Constitution as it was; that the United States "have" become the United STATE. But this does not necessarily follow. Our fathers may have built stronger than they knew—or stronger than all of them knew. And those who had succeeded in incorporating the element of nationality into the Constitution, may not have cared to raise a strife about a mere form of words. Satisfied that they had obtained the substance of their wishes, they may have feared to endanger their work by insisting upon a proper grammatical form. For they were wise men, and the history of the world is full of proofs that the masses of mankind are often far more afraid of words than of things. Cromwell was simply "Lord Protector" of England, but Henry the Eighth was not more absolutely King.

THE CENSUS.

As the Census takers soon will be around, putting all manner of questions about families, and ages, and business, we may add for the satisfaction of all parties, that the askers of these questions are ordered to keep secret the facts they may be made acquainted with. Their office, like that of lawyer or priest, is said to be a strictly confidential one, and they are bound not to disclose, except to their official superiors, the results of their very questionable labors.

We would advise heads of families, in order to save time, to make a list at once of the names and ages of their children on the first of June last; the occupation of themselves, and children, when the latter have any occupation; how many of the children have attended school during the past year; the amount of their real-estate and personal property; the amount invested in their business, their profits, &c.

We may add that it is stated most solemnly, that these Census returns have no connection with the assessment of Taxes.

Many of the questions which the Census law makes imperative, are in our opinion both vexatious and useless—but of course we advise our readers to answer them as clearly and cheerfully as they can. We think them useless, because inaccurate statistics are generally rather worse than none at all; and the moment the attempt is made to procure information which bears upon the citizen's private pecuniary affairs, and which is not apparent to all eyes, the answers cannot be depended upon. We remember looking over the last census table of the circulations of the different newspapers in a certain city, and though doubtless the publishers of newspapers resemble the famous Henry Horn, (General Jackson's friend,) and "cannot lie," we came to the conclusion that anybody that relied upon those statistics did a very foolish thing.

When the attempt is made to go further than a simple census of the number and ages of the population—their place of birth, and some other equally plain and simple matters, the result is a huge collection of inaccurate and unreliable figures, worth very little for the purposes either of science or government. The principal advocates of such a census as that now under way, we should think must have been mere scientific theorists—who value figures, even if they mean nothing—and men who wanted government employment for themselves or friends.

THE MINORITY PRINCIPLE.—Although the official majority of the Democratic ticket in the recent election in the state of New York is about 87,000, yet owing to the new and wise rule by which only four out of the six Judges can be voted for by each voter, two of the Republican Judges are also elected.

The vote in New York (the whole state) was small, the Democratic vote falling off about 28 per cent, and the Republican about 51 per cent., as compared with the election in 1860. Why the vote was so small is a question that perplexes the politicians, and which our readers can decide as well as we can. We suppose that some for one reason, and others for other reasons, did not care about voting.

"We would call the attention of advertisers to "The Morehouse Conservative," of Bastrop, La., as an advertising medium for northern Louisiana. Rev. J. T. Davis is the editor and proprietor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAGED LION. A Novel. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, author of "The Heiress of Redcliffe," "Cameos of English History," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SHERIDAN'S THOOPERS ON THE BORDER. A Winter Campaign on the Plains. By DE B. RANDOLPH KEIM. With Numerous Illustrations. Published by Claxton, Remond & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Edited by Prof. HENRY MORTON, Ph. D., Assisted by the Committee on Publications. For May. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE TRANSATLANTIC.—This is a monthly containing selections from the English periodicals. Published by L. B. Hamersly & Co., Philada. The June number has been issued.

PUNCHINELLO.—This "humorous" weekly is punchy at last getting funny. We are glad of it, for the country needs a good funny paper. We caught ourselves laughing heartily over last week's number. We quote the following:—

THE DIFFERENCE.—Fenian General O'Neill bore down upon Canada with a martial charge, but he was sent back in a Marshal's charge.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.—Mr. Ingersoll floated his powerful mind in air-line railroads. He wanted "that air" line from Washington to New York. This air line didn't suit him. He appealed to the House to protect its members from the untold horrors of passing through Philadelphia. He had no doubt that much of the imbecility which he remarked in his colleagues, and possibly some of the imbecility they had remarked in him, were due to this dreadful ordeal. He admitted that good juleps were to be had at the Mint. But juleps had to be guiled even Samson, and cut his hair off. His colleague, Logan, might not be as strong as Samson, but he would be as entirely useless and unimpressive an object with his hair off.

THE CENSUS.

Then there was a debate upon the proposition to abolish the mission to Rome.

Mr. Brooks said most of his constituents were Roman Catholics. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said that Brooks used to be a Know-Nothing. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Cox said that they used to burn witches in Massachusetts. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Hoar said they didn't. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said they burnt a Roman Catholic Asylum in Boston. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said they burnt a Negro Asylum in New York. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said Dawes was another. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelties now already engaged for publication:—

Betsy Rose.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonic's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novellet.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told It?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelties by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDLERS, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber.

1000 copies given as a Premium for 300 subscribers and \$75.00, or 20 subscribers and \$60.00.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Mormons.

Rev. W. B. Wright, in his recent lecture in Boston, on the Mormons, said:—

The object of his lecture was to contribute something towards an intelligent answer to the question, "What shall we do with the Mormons?" Although there was much to condemn in the customs of Mormon society, he said, there were many redeeming qualities to be found among the Mormon people, and these should be carefully considered in deciding how to deal with them. Mr. Wright said that while he was among the Mormons, he attended their church on Sunday; and he gave an interesting description of the appearance of the congregation, and the manner in which the services were conducted. The body of the house was reserved for the women, and the men sat on each side in long rows, facing them. The women did not appear very attractive to him; each one of them seemed to have remembered the style when she left the gentiles, and dressed accordingly. Some wore their hats tipped up, and some tipped down; some of the bonnets were like corn-hoppers, and some consisted of two rows of straw with a feather between them; some wore a great deal of hair, and some very little. Every one seemed to consider herself in full dress, if she had a single article of finery about her.

Before going to Salt Lake City, he had never seen twenty women together without seeing something attractive about them; but of the two thousand women he saw in that Mormon congregation, there was not one that it was not a penance to look at. It was something other than the blandishments of beauty that lay at the root of the evil in Utah. There might be fair women among them, but they didn't go to church. The impression made by the appearance of the women was their supreme seriousness, earnestness, and devotion. It required a monstrous seal of devotion to go to church with a scarecrow bonnet on without being aware of the fact.

Mr. Wright gave an amusing sketch of the low style of oratory common among the Mormons, after which he discussed the secret of the success of that people. This he ascribed to their industry, their religion, and their desire for an infallible guide. It was idle to suppose that men whose talents would secure them wealth anywhere would establish such a colony for the sake of riches; but was not so hard to gratify in large cities that they should go out to Utah to build a harem of hags; and self-indulgence sought the tropic instead of a desert, which they, in their love of labor, had made a paradise. The leaders among the Mormons were sincere men; they believed they were inspired of God as much as Moses ever believed himself to be inspired of God. Brigham Young began an humble seeker of truth, but being isolated from the world among an ignorant people who believed him to be infallible, it was natural that his egotism should be fostered. Any legislation based upon the theory that these men did not believe what they affirmed would be lamentably ineffectual.

An Allegory.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds in the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge Linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson, replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—From the German.

"In Paris, fashionable ladies now wear strings of small silver bells around their necks."

WHEN JONQUILS BLOOM.

"What shall we wear when jonquils bloom?"
The hum of girlish chat
Came softly to theingle nook
Where I, a dreamer, sat
Between the line of firelight flash
And daylight's purple gloom,
Thinking how girlish faces and form
Gladdened the dim old room.

"What will you wear, Anita, dear—
Garnet, or sfrag's gray?
I mean to wear a lovely blue,
Made in a charming way.
I'll have pink roses in my hat;
Just perched upon the brim;
Somebody likes them—you know who—
Not that I care for him!

"But one loves roses for themselves.
And you—what will you wear?
Oh, if you wish a lovely shade,
You need but match your hair.
What funny shopping that would be,
Where fabrics, wide unrolled,
Would lack—this one the shadow brown,
And that, the gleaming gold!"

"Nay, Myrtle, I shall foil my locks,
Not match them; so 't will be
A paney purple, made *en suite*,
A bauble, and flounces three;
A chain of gold about my neck,
And golden gloves, you know!"
The tea-bell rang. That night—ah me!
It seems so long ago!

For I have seen them clad for spring,
When May blooms reddened fair.
The shadow of a mourner's veil
Was o'er Anita's hair.
The robes of an orphan child
Above a torn heart stirred,
And a little cry of bitter woe
Was the weary sound I heard.

I saw sweet Myrtle white and still,
Like a little child at rest;
No roses nodded o'er her brow;
But lay on a stirs, breast.
No aurore robe about her head,
But white, like sunless snow.
These were the robes the maidens wore
When jonquils ceased to blow. E. L.

Down Among the Dead Men.

EDGAR A. POE.

A recent writer in a Southern periodical complains of the unfair treatment of Poe by Rufus W. Griswold, in the biographical sketch prefixed to the poems of the former, asserting that he assailed him after he was dead. But though Griswold spoke of those peccadilloes of Poe best known, he softened those he noticed, and omitted much that he might have said. Still, had Griswold reflected, he might have put in an ingenious pie in behalf of the poet, and have assumed that Poe's frequent violations of the code of morals and honor, was from the lack of a thorough appreciation of right and wrong. Poe's mind was not well balanced. Certain of the intellectual faculties were in excess, while some of the moral ones appeared to be deficient. I doubt, indeed, whether with all his undoubtedly fine genius, he was not a moral idiot. Griswold had himself reason to know, if I may credit Poe's statement. The latter came to me one day chuckling over "a neat little trick" he had just played upon Griswold.

I told him that I thought he had made a capital book of his "Poets and Poetry of America," and I'd like to write a favorable review of it; but I was hard pressed for money, and couldn't afford the time. He bit at the bait like a hungry gudgeon, and told me to write the notice, and as his publishers could use it, he would pay me for them my price. So I wrote, and handed it to him, and he paid me."

"Well?" I asked, for I saw nothing in that but one of the tricks of the publishing trade.

"I knew he wouldn't read it until he got home," continued Poe, "but I should like to have seen his face when he got to the middle."

"Wasn't it favorable, then?"

"Favorable? Yes! to the amateur in scalping. I abused the book and ridiculed him, and gave him the most severe using up he ever had, or ever will have I fancy. I don't think he'll send that to his publishers, and I'm quite sure they wouldn't print it if he did."

"It is a good joke—of its kind," was my answer. "You did not keep the money?"

"Keep it? No, indeed! I spent it at once."

Now, no amount of argument would convince him that he had not obtained money under false pretences in the matter; there was no intent of wrong itself.

Another case occurs to me which will put the matter in an even clearer light. Poe came into my office one day, looking especially haggard. He had evidently just got through one of his drinking bouts, and looked very much the worse for it. I commenced to lecture him a little, but he interrupted me with—"Oh, you needn't say a word on that. I've made up my mind on that subject, and I've given my word as a gentleman and a man of honor never to drink anything but cold water again. But I'm in a terrible strait. I promised the Bostonians to read them an original poem this week, and I got on this beat, and never wrote a line. I haven't time now, and never do to do it know."

I suggested that he should write, postponing the delivery two weeks; and he might say that circumstances, over which he had no control,—for he had no control over himself in the matter of drink—had prevented him, and so on. "Better still," I said, "to plead simply that you would explain when you came, and then tell the truth frankly to some member of the committee."

"Yes," he answered, "but they're to pay me for it, and I want the money."

"You can't expect to get it, unless you earn it."

"Can't I? Well, you'll see. I've just thought of a way." And off he went.

He appeared in Boston on the night set, and read a juvenile poem, written before he was a child, but that was an exaggeration. He had a critical audience, who were dissatisfied and disappointed; but they treated him with courtesy. On his return, finding his work was criticized sharply in the Boston papers, he wrote a series of paragraphs for "The Broadway Journal," vehemently assailing the Bostonians, and asserting that he had planned the thing deliberately; that he had selected the greatest trash possible to test their literary acumen; that they had

gone into raptures over it; that they were asses and noodle—I think he used those very words—and claiming it as a great triumph. It never entered his head to think there was anything wrong in this.

I could name a dozen other instances of this same lack of appreciation. To hold such a man to a *sic* responsibility for his acts is unfair. You might as well convict the raving lunatic of murder. It was not his fault that he had no sense of honor, and no feeling of shame. The fact of which Griswold speaks, transcribing a copy of Captain Brown's work on Oncology, and selling it to a Philadelphia publisher as his own original production, would have been a crime in another; but Poe had no idea that he was obtaining money on false pretences. He thought it all fair, and a clever piece of diplomacy. The unfairness of Griswold did not consist in mentioning facts that were necessary to be known, but in not stating the one great fact that would explain, and in some measure excuse, them.

I could tell some very curious anecdotes about Poe; but as they would not add anything to his good reputation, and as what I have said will be enough to palliate a good many of his short-comings by showing his irresponsibility, I refrain. But one thing should be noticed. Some fool-critic, a few years since, charged him with stealing "The Raven" from the Persian, with which language Poe was familiar. The charge is utterly false. Poe knew no more of the Persian than he did of the Choctaw, and nothing of either. In two places in "The Raven" there is a line taken from the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—a quite unconscious borrowing; but the spirit, recurring refrain, general idea and mode of management of the poem, are all Poe's own. Perhaps the charge was retaliative justice, however. Poe was very fond of charging others with plagiarism: accusing Longfellow, for instance, with having stolen from him and from others. But in either his prose or poetry Poe was the master of his art. Some one has compared him with Savage. In his private life there are few points of resemblance, and in ingenuity and the inventive faculty, he was Savage's infinite superior.

CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE.

A scrap of paper containing an announcement of death, brings Lawrence to my mind. He was Collector of the Port under Polk, succeeding Van Ness. Lawrence was an agreeable gentleman, according to my recollection; but he was much bothered by the politicians, and it annoyed him extremely. He loved to baffle them in a quiet way. I remember his telling me of one instance in which I was concerned. I was passing through the rotunda one day, just as he was about entering his private office, when he saw and beckoned me with his finger. I crossed over and entered the office with him.

"I wish you had been here yesterday," he said, "in some place where you could have got a good look at Coddington's face. Three of them came in, with Coddington at the head, and asked me to appoint —— as weigher."

"—— is a very good man," I said, "I dare say."

"They urged his claims strongly; but I told them there was no vacancy."

"Can't you make one?" said Coddington.

"Can't," said I, "there is no one in at present, who is not strongly backed."

"Then Coddington mentioned your name, and said that you were one of Van Ness's appointments, and might be removed."

"The deuce he did!" I replied.

"Yes. I told him that I would be very happy to turn you out and put —— in; but there were three gentlemen who insisted on your being retained, and it was very hard to dislodge them. In fact, it would be very unpleasant to do it."

"Who are they?" said Coddington, rather abruptly.

"One of them, Mr. Coddington, is Mr. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury; another is Mr. Dallas, the Vice President; the third is Mr. Polk, the President. They all made such a point of it, that I am afraid I can't oblige you in that instance. Couldn't you think of some one else?"

"They changed the subject," continued Lawrence, chuckling; "they changed the subject."

NATHANIEL CHAPMAN.

How I came to omit the name of Dr. Chapman, when I spoke of some of the Philadelphia physicians, I cannot tell. It was the play of Hamlet, with the princely Dane left out. For Dr. Chapman, during a long term of years, was not only the professor most identified with the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, but stood very high as a humorist, particularly as a punster. Punning used to be very much practiced in Philadelphia, even by respectable people. At present, men of culture there are not so much addicted to it, and with advancing civilization, it will, probably, die out.

But Chapman made his debut as a joker with a very neat pun. It was Preble, or some one, who was about to sail for Algiers, to bring the Dey to reason by the argument of shot and shell; and by way of balance to the belly-full of fighting he was to have before Algiers, the Philadelphians gave him a belly-full of feed at a public dinner, and set all jokers before him. When Chapman's toast was called for, he proposed: "Preble—Carpe diem!"

From that time forth Chapman had to bear the reputation of all the floating puns, outside of those appertaining to the bar, of which Ned Ingraham had the monopoly; and a volume might be made of the stories in which he figures, some of them not suitable for boarding-school use, however. In his lectures he had a standard stock of jokes that were fired off every season, and duly applauded by the students. One of these I remember, quite good in its way, though when heard several seasons in succession, it lost the main merit—unexpectedness. "You will observe, gentlemen," said the Professor, "one fatal sign in this disease, when forming your prognosis—a relaxation of the upper part of the mouth. A man to recover in typhus fever must keep a stiff upper lip."

I shall not readily forget Chapman's manner to me when he examined me for my doctor's degree. I was terribly scared, and very much confused, so much so that when he asked me the first question, I hesitated, stammered, and at length said: "I—I don't know."

"Don't know? Pooh! pooh! You're sitting too near the fire. You're too hot. Draw your chair back, and take time. You know it well enough."

His manner reassured me, and I answered the question correctly.

"Hm! Didn't know, indeed!" And he

resumed his queries, which I answered. Presently he spoke of a patient that he had seen that day, detailed his symptoms minutely, and asked me to make out the diagnosis. By this time my embarrassment had returned. Things grew very much mixed in my mind, and I fell back on a piec of ignorance.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "You are only confused. You're too hot. You're too near the fire yet. Go over there by the window, and cool yourself. There-

that will do."

His manner was so amusing, and his apparent belief in my real knowledge so earnest, that it relieved me of my confusion, and I not only gave my opinion of the disease, but even entered into a discussion, and defended my views in the matter. When I had done, he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye—few who ever saw it would forget his peculiar glance at such a time—and said:

"You are perfectly right. I knew you were too hot before. If you were a son of mine, I'd thresh you. Never plead ignorance to me; in the practice of medicine it is highly important to keep cool, and thus be able to think quickly. If I had taken your answer at first, I'd have dismissed you, and thought all my instruction thrown away. Instead of knowing nothing, you knew all about it. Now send in another gentleman to be hackett'd a little."—*The Old Guard.*

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE HAPSBURGS.

BY LADY ALICE RAY.

In the vault of the imperial chapel at Vienna there rests one small simple coffin. More than a century has elapsed since the day when it was deposited in that gloomy mansion of the dead; and, perhaps, very few persons are acquainted with the brief touching story of the young princess whose ashes it contains.

The Archduchess Maria Josepha was the fairest, the gentlest, and the most beloved of the six beautiful daughters of Maria Theresa and Francis of Lorraine. The emperor idolized her, and the imperious empress-queen, who had little time or inclination to lavish caresses on her children, was known to regard her with peculiar indulgence. Contemporary writers all agree in praising the beauty, the peculiar sweetness of disposition, and the winning grace which made the young archduchess so lovely and so lovable; whilst her passionate attachment for her family, and especially for her father, made her their idol. The sudden death of the Emperor Francis in 1760, was the first shadow cast on the bright existence of Josepha; and it is said that from thenceforth a deep melancholy oppressed the young archduchess.

Time passed away: the princess was now in her sixteenth year, and rumors of her approaching marriage had already been for some months in circulation, when it was officially announced that the hand of Maria Josepha of Hapsburg-Lorraine had been plighted to the young King Ferdinand II. of Naples. The alliance was in every way brilliant and advantageous; it seemed an influential and important ally to the Austrian empire; it increased the dignity of the imperial family; and it enabled Maria Theresa to encircle the brow of her beautiful daughter with a crown matrimonial. The marriage-treaty was signed, the preparations completed, and the betrothal took place on the 8th of August, 1767. The empress was radiant with smiles, the court put aside the mourning and gloom which had hung over

MY LOVERS.

BY SARAH E. HENSHAW.

In the early golden morning,
Waking at the break of day,
While my little, youngest darling
Close beside me nestled lay,
Fearing to disturb his sleeping—
Fearing happy dreams to break—
Lay I there and softly watched him,
Ere from slumber he should wake.

One small hand his cheek supported,
One was thrown across my breast;
Soft and gentle was his breathing;
As a sphygm sunk to rest.
On the cheek, fair, silken 'ashes,
On the lid, a smile of light—
Amore veins I fondly noted,
Noble brow, and tresses bright.

As I looked he suddenly opened
Eyes that instant sought my own—
Eyes that filled with tender love-light,
While he spoke in cooing tone.
"Father made a good select,
When," said he, "he selected you;
For," added he, "with deep fervor,
"You are good and pretty too."

Little heart, so fond and faithful!
Other lovers, where are they?
Who would think it naught, that beauty
Time is stealing fast away?
Naught the eyes despoiled of brightness?
Naught the cheek less round and fair?
Naught the footstep robbed of lightness?
Naught Time's powder on the hair?

Oh, my little precious darling!
Oh, my little lover true!
Always finding in her mother
What is best and fairest too!
Caught I him with smiles and kisses,
Clasped I him with springing tears,
Thanking God for such affection
To enrich my future years.

Answer me, true-hearted mothers!
(Many such, thank God! there be):
In your fairest, rosiest girlhood
Fonder lovers did you see?
Gave they deeper admiration—
Choicer, tenderer, or more sweet—
Than you now have from your children,
Than your sons lay at your feet?

Four such lovers God hath given me,
And I owe him fourfold praise!
Tranquilly, thus love-environment,
On the future I can gaze—
On the future, when life's taper
Shall be flickering dim and low,
When the autumn tints have faded
Into winter's cold and snow.

Ah, my sisters! ah, my sisters!
Little know ye what ye do
Who refuse the joy and beauty
Of a love so pure and true!
To whose strange, perverted vision
Children's wedlock seemeth good—
Who despise that crown of sweethearts—
Noble crown of Motherhood!

Lippincott's Magazine.

TWO WOMEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Is your master still at breakfast, Secundus? Call him out, then."

Colonel Marshall did not dismount, but paced his old nag impatiently up and down on the grass over which the dew was still glittering. The morning was not yet fairly awake: the fog lay in gray opaque rivers in the valleys below; but the sun shone warmly about the great stone farm-house (one of the oldest in Virginia), high up on the mountain side, with its massive front, its kitchens and stables crowding confidently into view, and the gigantic oaks which seemed to have found their way from the forest below to be sociable and comfortable nearer its hospitable warmth. A straggling line of yellow-billed ducks, muddy from the barn-yard, came quacking and biting at the horse's feet; here and there a grinning black face was thrust out of the windows, expectant of the Colonel's usual halloo. Tom had trotted out after Secundus; but the Colonel did not even notice Tom.

Presently a short, stoutly-built man, whose black moustache and military carriage gave him the air of a soldier, came out.

"Why, Marshall, what are you doing there? Coffee's on the table."

"Not this morning, Jeems. I want to see you alone. Run in, Tom."

"Hyah, Mas Tom. Ye're not to hear dat ar!"

Secundus hurried up to Tom, to catch some droppings of the secret himself. But the Colonel and Mr. Vogdes spoke in a whisper, glancing now and then anxiously down the valley in the direction of the coal-miners' villages.

"There can be no doubt as to the disease," said Vogdes, when they were alone. "No. It is yellow fever unmistakably. And the mortality is as great as I tell you. The worst is, the wretches have no physician. Poor Jones—that young Bawpoo who lived by the mine, you remember?—was one of the first victims; and Campion, who went down on Tuesday from the hill, died last night. There's no chance for a man going out of a pure atmosphere. There's been a terrible want of drainage there. I don't know what's to be done."

"No. I don't know—" irresolutely.

"You see there's Lowe, he's physician for the county poor; it seems naturally to fall to Lowe. But he has a wife and four children."

"Certainly Lowe is out of the question."

"And Fordyce. But Fordyce isn't the man to make a martyr of himself. Fool if he did, with his prospects. The man's death-warrant is signed that goes. Yet one feels as if somebody ought to do something."

"Of course—of course;" and after a short pause, "it's infernally annoying."

"Yes, it is."

Both men were kind and charitable enough. But to have the drowsy country routine of every day, the cheerful breakfasts and sociable dinners, the leisurely ride down to their village offices and long-drawn gossip, cigar in mouth, over business, more leisurely than all, suddenly disappear, and this pit of death and robbing corruption gape open at their feet, was, as Mr. Vogdes mildly put it, annoying.

"I told that Yankee contractor how it would be," growled the Colonel, "when he first ripped over the hill, and brought that swarm of railroad Irish there. Steady,

Dick! I knew it was the beginning of trouble."

"I see but one way, Marshall. I'll go myself."

"You? What the devil, Jeems?" aghast for a minute. "I forgot that you had ever practised medicine, or I should never have come to you with this story."

Both men were silent for a while, Vogdes mechanically stroking Dick's flank.

"I'll go, Marshall," looking up presently. "Come in and have some coffee. This fog is chilly."

"It will never do, old fellow," with a good deal of feeling in his tone. "Let the cursed Irish alone. We can't buy their lives at that price."

"I don't know anybody who could be better spared than I," looking around as if he would be remarkably glad to light on a substitute. "I have no wife, and few ties."

"You have Tom."

"Tom? Yes." He stopped short at that.

"Tut! tut! There's no use talking about it. There's no danger. Come in, come in. What time does the boat go down to the mines?"

"Not until evening. You're determined to go?"

"Yes. I see nothing else to be done."

"It won't do," gathering up his bridle, decisively. "I'll find somebody—I'll manage it."

James Vogdes watched him as he rode briskly down the hill, standing motionless after he was out of sight. Marshall could do nothing, of course. There was no way to "manage" it but the one.

"Jacob," he called, as he crossed the path and went up the front steps. A gray-headed old mulatto came out, who had been factotum on the place for twenty years before the war. "Uncle, I wish you to see that some of the people go down to the landing, or near the mine boat. I'm going away for a few days: come to my room presently for directions, and—stay—send Jim to ask Judge Parker to stop on his way to town."

"Yes, sah. Gwine to need yer dress-suit, Mars Jeems? Shall I tell Maria to pack it?"

Vogdes shook his head, laughing, and went into the breakfast-room. Joe Page, who had been with him for a fortnight, was waiting at the table.

"I sent the coffee out to keep hot. Cousin Jeems" he drawled. "Tom's been teaching me to box till you'd got back. Look here. Whereupon Master Tom shook his yellow curls and charged—and the young man and he tumbled over on the carpet, with a shout."

"You're spoiling that boy. Come here, sir, and sit on my knee. Try this steak, Joe."

"Tom! This was his last meal with Tom if anything happened. But nothing was going to happen. Page chattered according to his wont about the carpet-dance at the Colonel's last night, and about New York, where he had been in June, and about the crops, the war, of course, coming in as a dolorous refrain to all. His host answered him, turning his eye askance now and then on Tom.

"I know nobody that lost as little in the war, as you, Jeems. There's the good of investing in Western lands."

"I lost a good deal in negroes."

"Pooh, a mere trifle! Now look at us Page! Paupers. But you always were a lucky fellow. Your cup's always up when it rains. Now if I had led two battalions where you did, I'd have come out legless or armless; or if I had invested in Western lands, they wouldn't pay two cents on the dollar. I don't know where the deuce you find your luck," glancing out at the rolling hills of the Vogdes plantation, from which the mist was just beginning to lift, and then at the room within, with its old-fashioned, solid mahogany furniture, and the table bright with china and frosted silver. Vogdes did not answer. If you left Joe to follow his own lead, he was sure to talk in circles, and you could take him up half an hour hence at precisely the same place and have lost nothing.

"Tom will be a millionaire yet with those Western lands," staring at the child over his coffee with his vague black eyes, thinking that he was very like his father. "Not a look of his mother in him. The detestable Nash woman! One of the luckiest days in Jeems' life was that which rid him of his wife." Joe had a habit of profound speculation on trifles. He gave himself over now to the mystery of how Vogdes had ever been swindled into marrying that woman. People said that he never cared for her; it was a black streak in his life, never to be wiped out. No wonder he had not married again. But it must be horribly lonely—unnatural, too, for a man so young to sit down by the wayside, and only hope to live again in his son's life. Page wondered if he never did think of marrying again? scanning the soldierly figure opposite, and the face which, good-tempered as it was, kept its own secrets. Joe, like most fashionable young fellows, had a gnawing curiosity, but this matter had a personal interest to him.

Vogdes meanwhile had time to coolly count the cost of his offer. He remembered how exceptionally liable he had always been to any sort of contagion or poison. "It will most likely end in the one way. I'm glad I sent for Parker." His will was not made; he must plan for Tom, too, until he was of age. He had meant to be himself Tom's only tutor, companion, and friend. He held him close as he sat on his knee. Whatever death might be, he was sure that he would find a way through it to come back and be near the boy. He damned the Irish, their dirt and shiftlessness, to himself; but it did not once occur to him, however, to draw back and let them take their chance.

Joe rose, brushing a crumb from his velvet coat. "Time flies! I must be off."

Vogdes glanced at the clock. An hour with Jacob, two for Parker, and what a broken bit of the day was left until the boat came! Yet it seemed to him all of life was compressed into that little space. An hour ago, the future meant for him a stable manhood and long old age; now it had lessened into one short summer afternoon.

"What are you for to-day, Jeems? Business, as usual, I suppose?"

"Only this morning." He was silent a moment. "I will go down to the cottage this afternoon, and wait there till the boat comes. That is the best that I can do with the day."

"I'll say you're coming. I'm off for there now. I tell you, Cousin Jeems, I—but no matter." He turned away, growing fiery red.

It was not the first time some confession had checked itself on his tongue. Mr. Vogdes laughed significantly, but a sudden qualm stopped him from speaking. He looked at the young fellow, with new keen perception

as he stood in the window, the sun falling on his gallant six feet of stature, his hand-some features and auburn hair and beard. It was the very type of man that a woman—But what did any woman matter to him now? He had written, in all probability, "Finis to the book himself. "Come, Tom, lifting him on one shoulder. "You'll stay with me to day, old fellow. I have you, at any rate, thank God!"

CHAPTER II.

Only in Joe's romantic fancy could Mrs. McIntyre's house be called a cottage. It was that little bald wooden building, that looked as if it had slipped half-way down the mountain, which she had always given rent free to some poor relation. But when the war took from her husband, sons, and property, she found refuge in it herself, with Alice and one old negro. If they had been men, Joe would have wondered how they lived, being as nearly paupers as himself; but his chivalric creed would not suffer him to query about money and a lady together, even to himself. Most probably the truth was that the woman managed generally with tea and toast for themselves, though they never lacked a dainty dish for a guest.

Alice had made the biscuits to-day for breakfast herself. Miss Vane, their guest, coming down the stairs, saw her in the kitchen, her soft arms powdered with flour, her cheeks burned pink. It was a pretty home picture, Miss Vane thought, who had a man's taste in female beauty. "Now I would be vulgar in a kitchen. I am always vulgar out of full toilette," glancing down at her own large slovenly figure; but Alice is like a child in that. She is her own sweet innocent self always, standing apart. Dress or work don't touch her."

She leaned out of the window. Her face was sallow this morning, and her eyes sunken. Miss Vane was a victim to some obscure ailment which some of her friends called hysteria, and others a secret sorrow. Whatever it might be, the girl seldom slept at night; from midnight till morning the house shook under her heavy tread as she prowled about, now lying on the parlor floor, now creeping with her cold feet into Ally's bed, then out to the porch, tramping up and down in the darkness and rain like a caged animal. By noon she was usually curled up asleep under your feet somewhere, a heavy, dead lump of matter. People who saw Charlotte Vane in the ball-room likened her to all kinds of glowing tropical birds and flowers; but orderly housekeepers found her unendurable, a very messenger of Satan sent to buffet them, excepting easy-going Mrs. McIntyre, before whose placid face and quizzical laugh Satan himself, if he were vehement and ill-bred, would have found himself abashed.

Charlotte flung the window open, and thrust out her head and shoulders into the cool, foggy air. The first morning rays had touched the upper waves of rising mist in the valley below, and brought out rose and saffron lights in them, half deadened by the sombreumber of the sea below. Beyond, rising out of the fog, was a peak of the South Mountain, a glimpse of clear light, green woods and running streams.

"The hills of Benliah!" cried Charlotte. A choking lump rose in her throat. She was as easily moved as a child. The unexpressed power, the utter repose in this grand mood of Nature calmed her, as the damp air cooled and steadied her body. She stood a long time without moving. Behind this awful strength and quiet she could understand that unknown God who was only a dull perplexity to her in sermons. Perhaps for her, too, there were hills of Benliah waiting above this dark unintelligible world. For her too—

"What is it?" said a pleasant clear voice at her elbow.

"The sunrise."

Ally puffed out. "Oh, it is nice. But it's horribly chilly! Come to breakfast, Charlotte, dear." Now Ally was never known to glance at anybody's dress, but she knew quite well that Charlotte dear had on that old blue gown with the train, again tied bag-like about the waist; and that a soiled corner of linen dragged out at her throat, and that an unhemmed brown veil was twisted about her head to hide the bristling curl papers. "She might have some respect for mamma," thought Alice, her color rising indignantly. She stood waiting, however, touching Miss Vane's hand gently when the bell rang again, "The biscuits will be cold."

"This is what I need—what I want in the world, as you, Jeems. There's the good of investing in Western lands."

"I lost a good deal in negroes."

"Pooh, a mere trifle! Now look at us Page! Paupers. But you always were a lucky fellow. Your cup's always up when it rains. Now if I had led two battalions where you did, I'd have come out legless or armless; or if I had invested in Western lands, they wouldn't pay two cents on the dollar. I don't know where the deuce you find your luck," glancing out at the rolling hills of the Vogdes plantation, from which the mist was just beginning to lift, and then at the room within, with its old-fashioned, solid mahogany furniture, and the table bright with china and frosted silver. Vogdes did not answer. If you left Joe to follow his own lead, he was sure to talk in circles, and you could take him up half an hour hence at precisely the same place and have lost nothing.

"Tom will be a millionaire yet with those Western lands," staring at the child over his coffee with his vague black eyes, thinking that he was very like his father. "Not a look of his mother in him. The detestable Nash woman! One of the luckiest days in Jeems' life was that which rid him of his wife." Joe had a habit of profound speculation on trifles. He gave himself over now to the mystery of how Vogdes had ever been swindled into marrying that woman. People said that he never cared for her; it was a black streak in his life, never to be wiped out. No wonder he had not married again. But it must be horribly lonely—unnatural, too, for a man so young to sit down by the wayside, and only hope to live again in his son's life. Page wondered if he never did think of marrying again? scanning the soldierly figure opposite, and the face which, good-tempered as it was, kept its own secrets. Joe, like most fashionable young fellows, had a gnawing curiosity, but this matter had a personal interest to him.

"Yes, said Alice, a little coldly. "Let me shut the window, please." She did not like to hear Miss Vane quote Scripture.

"The fire is pleasant this chilly morning, isn't it, Charlotte?" removing, with soft motherly little touches and pats, the obnoxious curl papers. "Some of the gentlemen might call before breakfast is over, Ally," she said quietly.

"Unfit! Why, madam—"

"We will not argue about it, my dear," plaudily. "I would prefer that Ally did not hear these strange doctrines discussed. They tend in all cases to insure, I am afraid, a bad result."

"Merino it must be, I fear," giving the lace a lump of sugar.

Charlotte pricked up her ears at the first mention of dress. "That store of old lace you had put on for Ally—I heard the soldiers tore it into rags before your eyes."

"Mrs. McIntyre nodded and stroked puny

Charlotte's hair. "Charlotte, you are a very good girl."

"Don't bring ghosts, even of old lace, to the breakfast table!" cried Ally, quickly.

"But the idea of merino at a ball, Alice!" solemnly. "You don't understand, child. And yet you sit here and do nothing!"

"What could we do, Charlotte? The lace was torn into shreds—perfect shreds, I assure you!"

"Who talks of lace?" vehemently. "You and your mother are in want, actual want. You have culture, both of you, fine taste, and shrewd wit. Why do you not use them to help yourselves and the world? You sit here content to lack everything that makes life endurable."

Mrs. McIntyre's face deepened in color, but she did not speak.

"I'm sure, Charlotte," piped Ally with a nervous quaver, "I do not wish mamma to want. I'd teach music if anybody would learn; but I only know two pieces, and they're out of date. I can embroider very nicely."

Vane to-night. The poor boy was as helpless in her gentle handling as a miserable little mouse upon whom a white motherly old cat has laid her velvety paws.

She smiled complacently as she went up stairs to dress for tea. Poor Charlotte! that would be a terrible misfortune for any man under her rule as housekeeper. But she was thankful that Vogdes's attention had been diverted from Alice. A widower with an unruly boy, a man whose early youth had been scarred with passion, was not the husband she would choose to take her pure white flower to his bosom.

"I am so glad now that Ally never suspected that he was a lover; but she has no more thought of marriage than a child! Ally is as much of a baby to Tom," thinking how she made a companion of the boy. All of which goes to show that babes and sucklings may be mysterious even to the wisest heads.

CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly dusk when Vogdes reached the cottage. He had been detained longer at home than he planned; a man cannot so readily slip off the traces of the world and its business. When all was done, he made an excuse to go all over the old house, to say a cheerful word or two to each of the people. Their old black faces had been familiar and friendly to him since he was a boy. Then he lifted Tom up into the buggy, holding him on his knee, joking him about his base-ball. He had a fine idea that he ought to give the boy some great truth to guide him through his life, to tell him of God. But somehow he only held him closer and talked base-ball. "What am I that I should speak of God to him?" he cried. He made a circuit of a mile or two. They passed a shady little graveyard. Close by the fence there was a marble monument so heavy and costly that there was no room for grass and flowers. They stopped beside it.

"I never was here before," said Tom.

"Nor was I," said his father. Now that he was, perhaps, done forever with life and its business, he wished to come, to say about this grave that he forgave his dead wife lying there the wrong she had done him. He sat a moment in silence. He would have been glad if the marble had not been so heavy and broad above her; he would have liked to lay his hand on the warm earth that covered her breast, to bid her a kinder farewell. For, living or dead, he felt that he was done with her forever; that in those eternal, myriad lives beyond death their paths would never cross again; of that he was sure.

Half an hour afterward he drove into the enclosure about the cottage. The windows were all closed but one. It opened into the breakfast room; the bright light shone out, and showed the dainty tea-table set, a vase of autumn flowers in the middle, and Alice sitting by the urn alone, waiting for the others to come. She never had seemed so pure to him, so tender. The soft light brought into relief her womanly little figure, her shy, sensitive face, with its dark-blue eyes set in heavy shadows, and the peach bloom on her cheeks. It was a miniature picture of home—the home that James Vogdes had never known.

When Tom sat in, he stood without for a moment looking in at her from the darkness, muttering to himself, "My wife? my wife?" with a prayer perhaps to God to spare him for a little while, if this thing might be. For the man's life had, in fact, been heretofore bleak and black enough.

"So you're here at last!" said Joe Page, coming down the yard with a surly face. "I doubted if you knew your own mind this morning!"

Vogdes understood him. "Yes—I knew it," composedly going with him into the house.

He was quite sure he knew it. Why, for months the idea of that sweet, pure little girl as his wife and the mother of his boy had been as a glimpse into an unknown heaven for him.

He would make it sure to-night. If he lived to come back, he would know if she would be his wife, or no. Of course, he knew his mind! Miss Vane had a certain charm that no one could deny. But he was no fool—no Joe Page to be won by it. If Alice—but here his heart failed him.

Women were apt to call Miss McIntyre "Pussy," and to think of her very much as they would of a kitten—as an innocent, rather stupid, affectionate little thing. But she became to this shrewd, well cultured man, as by order of wise Nature every woman does to the man who loves her, a half-unreal creature, with a divinity in and about her which no mere contact could destroy. Among women, Ally was noted for her faintly-neat chintzes and muslins; in her faintness she was clothed with a rare purity and modesty, like a halo—a certain light and sweetness exhaled from her, and set her apart from other women.

He felt as if his brain and soul were clumsy as his fingers. How should he dare approach her? His courage almost gave way. Yet he began to feel as if it were a matter of life and death to him. In the little hall he met Mrs. McIntyre and caught her hand, with a sense of having reached a half-way house of present security. But he would not tell her his secret. No other hand than his own must clutch this white dove and fold it to his bosom.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Madam," offering her his arm, and leading her into the parlor. Now James Vogdes had a certain soldierly courtesy and protecting, deferential manner to all women, even to his laundresses, which had a queer, subduing effect on them.

Mrs. McIntyre's heart instantly softened.

"You may be sure it is granted, James, cordially."

"I am going away to-night for a few days. May I leave Tom and his nurse with you?"

"Assuredly. That would be certain without your asking. But I do not understand, when you pressed it too warmly, sometimes resting in your hand a dash of insipid water. But here—

Could Fate have meant him to win this woman's love? She turned her face slowly toward him. Charlotte had always this advantage on her side, that she never acted.

For the time she loved the man madly. It breathed in the very atmosphere about her. It had its power over him without his knowledge. The heavy coils of her black hair had fallen and shook out a delicate perfume; her breast rose and fell with passionate tremble and shiver; her sultry eyes evaded his; her warm breath touched him. Then she drew back; she was almost lost in the shadows.

He sprang after her, caught her arm.

"Stay! If I come back alive!"

He paused; there was a fierce struggle at his heart. A bell sounded down in the river fog. She waited a moment for him to speak.

of the porch, where he could look into the room at her sitting there. Frighten Alice? The man must be a brute who would hurt her by a look or word. She was so little, and soft, and fair! he felt to her precisely as one would to a baby or a bird. If he lived, it should be the work of his life to hold her so close that no shadow of harm should ever come to her. She was his ideal woman, being so helpless, loving. He never felt his manhood as when he looked at her.

There was a soft rustle in the bushes near, and a warm breath. He turned quickly. Miss Vane stood close beside him, motionless, looking at him. He could not distinguish her figure with its drapery of dark gauze from the shadows about her. He could discern only a glimpse of lithesome, bending limbs; a glint of starlight fell across the mellow, olive cheek, the slow-heaving bosom; he could feel rather than see her magnetic, absorbing eyes. He had an odd, momentary fancy that she silently had grown out of and belonged to the warm-tinted autumnal dusk, full of drowsy harvest smells, darkness, and passion.

Strange as it may seem, Vogdes turned to this woman from Alice with a thrill of pleasure, almost relief. His brain had been heated all day, every faculty strained to its utmost tension; his courage quailed before the approach to his delicate, frigid little lady-love; but this was only his friend; unexacting, akin to himself; here was rest.

Besides, there was a potent charm in Miss Vane's person, voice, and look, perfectly pure, but peculiar to her as a woman, which no woman had ever recognized in her and very few men failed to find. Mr. Vogdes was not one of that few.

He did not speak to her. Their friendship had been subtle and unconventional from the first; the long silences, when the eyes or instinct only spoke, had been one of its features which strangely attracted Vogdes. When the darkness had grown familiar to him, he saw that her cheeks now were wet with tears.

"What is it?" he whispered, leaning closer. But she stood apart, the twilight forming an impalpable barrier between them.

"I heard all," she said. "I know what you are going to do."

Now it never had occurred to him before that there was anything more than a matter-of-course affair in his going down to the wretched Irish. But looking steadily into these dark, bewildering eyes, and reading the strange, devotional meanings there, he began to thrill as though he heard wonderful music calling him to high unwonted deeds, began to feel himself a knight going out to victory.

"Tut, tut! there is no danger!" using the same words as to Mrs. McIntyre; but he whispered now, and the tone was soothed and tender.

"I know that it is almost certain death."

"Would you have me stay?"

"No. There are so few men who would do this heroic deed."

James Vogdes was noted among the men who knew him best as an unusually humble, unassuming fellow; a man who would never assert himself enough to push his way. But every nerve now tingled with keen excitement and delight. "My life is worth little to any man. No one could be spared better."

And he waited breathless to be contradicted. Not that the stout, brawny fellow was in reality peculiarly vain or silly. Mailed Antony himself, no doubt, blushed with pleasure when the Egyptian women patted, and petted, and caressed him, and put him up on a pedestal to abase themselves before.

Charlotte's answer startled him. "Your life is worth little," she said, "for you have not known its value."

"Do you?"

The darkness was warm and still about them; his breath came hot and quick. She had roused fierce, passionate thoughts in him with her sudden, sharp probe; but they were of himself, not of her. Old ambitions started into life; the dream which came to him in his boyhood of what he might be, the dream that had so slowly died, and left him a dull, sensible country squire, plodding with the rest. "What am I, Charlotte? God knows I've sinned myself, but I find nothing." He waited as though the dark figure had been a priestess who had spoken to the gods for him. She did not answer at once. "I have lived very much alone. No one ever cared to speak to me as you have done now. But you overrate me. I am sure you overrate me."

He listened breathless. "Yes. Let us be true and frank to each other. If I could believe what you tell me—" He was standing beside her. Unconsciously they had gone down the path into the thick trees of the garden. A strange madness fired his blood. If this were true? He had dreamed of it himself long ago. And Charlotte had subtly hinted it before. These words only gave substance to her meaning and to their friendship. If he were indeed to wake when he came back to a new life of exertion, victory, power! And she—this friend who saw his true self when all others were blind?

He turned sharply. She was close to him, the rare, brilliant woman whom so many men had sought in vain, with all her wonderful beauty, her subtle thought, her feeling for him, whatever that might be, laid bare, ready for his coming. There were no trivial, tiresome barriers here. She was his friend. So great hearts and great souls approached each other. He stood silent, breathing.

He did think of Alice. But she had grown curiously petty and faded in his mind. A mere bit of ice. And ice, he remembered, when you pressed it too warmly, sometimes rested in your hand a dash of insipid water. But here—

Could Fate have meant him to win this woman's love? She turned her face slowly toward him. Charlotte had always this advantage on her side, that she never acted.

For the time she loved the man madly. It breathed in the very atmosphere about her. It had its power over him without his knowledge.

The heavy coils of her black hair had fallen and shook out a delicate perfume; her breast rose and fell with passionate tremble and shiver; her sultry eyes evaded his; her warm breath touched him.

Then she drew back; she was almost lost in the shadows.

He sprang after her, caught her arm.

"Stay! If I come back alive!"

He paused; there was a fierce struggle at his heart. A bell sounded down in the river fog. She waited a moment for him to speak.

"There is the boat." She said then, quietly. "We will be friends—in life or death." The tone was cold enough, but she touched his forehead with the tips of her fingers—just touched it, no more; but the next moment she was strained to his breast and his burning lips were pressed to hers. Then she turned from her and hurried down the hill.

At the parlor window Alice's little pale face had been watching all evening. She saw him now cross the path that led to the house, and stop uncertainly. She got up, putting her hand upon the pane, Tom, who was clinging half asleep to her dress, slipped down a neglected,

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me, Page. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fuming.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Church Anecdote.

Some twenty years ago a beautiful little church in the West was ready for consecration. On the day appointed, the venerable Bishop Chan, with several clergy, was present. Just before going into the church, the bishop had written the "dose of consecration," and, in so doing, had soiled his hands with ink. He did not observe this until after he was in the chancel, and during the progress of the services; and when his eye rested upon his blackened fingers, he was apparently much annoyed. He called some of the clergy to his side, and exhibited the soiled hand, and said he must wash it. But he was very heavy and unwieldy, and could not get out and in the chancel without great difficulty, and therefore declined going out into the vestry-room, where there was a bowl.

"Bring the bow and towel to me," he said.

One clergyman ventured to suggest to him, *sotto voce*, that a wet towel might do as well, and would less notice by the congregation.

The Bishop looked at him over his spectacles, and said:

"Sir, I never wash with a towel."

At last the senior warden of the parish was obliged to go out and bring in a bowl of water. And by a singular coincidence, just as the officiating clergyman was giving out the twenty-first Psalm—

"I'll wash my hands in innocence, And round Thine altar go—"

the bishop dipped his hands in the bowl and washed them. Some of the people of the parish to this day think that this was part of the ceremony of consecration.

Clever Criticism.

One of the most celebrated French landscape painters lives in the country, some distance from Paris. Being of a social disposition, he is on the best of terms with the peasantry, who are very proud of him, and who make a point of visiting him frequently to examine and criticize his pictures. Having finished one of his masterpieces he ordered a frame for it from Paris. It soon arrived, resplendent with carving and gilding; the picture was placed in it and set up in the studio. Some days after an old peasant came in to see how the artist was getting on. He stood a long time before this picture, with his arms folded, and a wise look upon his face.

"How do you like my picture?" asked the artist.

The old fellow shook his head knowingly, but made no reply. But as he was leaving the house he encountered the artist's wife, who asked him what he thought of her husband's picture.

"Did he really make that?" asked the countryman.

"To be sure he did," replied madam.

"But the frame, the frame, he did not make that, did he?"

"Certainly not; the frame came from Paris."

"Ah! I thought so. He makes very good pictures, but I knew he didn't make that frame."

Dining in France.

Some little knowledge of the French language is useful to one travelling abroad, if he does not want to dine as did the Englishman, who knew nothing of French or hotel customs, and was too proud to let his ignorance be known. Seating himself in a restaurant, he pointed to the first article on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef-soup. When it was dispatched, he pointed to the second line. The waiter brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," he thought; "but it is the Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. He determined to get as far from the soup as possible. He pointed, in despair, to the last article on the bill of fare. The waiter politely handed him a bunch of toothpicks! This was to much; the Englishman paid his bill and left.

Good Sound Advice.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal by it.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks and does not care about eating.

Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit.

Never quarrel with your wife, or your sweet-heart, as you will have to pay for making it up to the shape of a season-ticket at the Opera, a trip to the sea-side, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impudent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

Tired of Waiting.

A short time ago in Delaware county a Quaker lady, a maiden who had reached the age of sixty, accepted the offer of a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of friends from her meeting waited on her and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and then said—

"Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring *along its boys*?"

That was conclusive, and the delegation merely replied "Farewell!" and vanished.

A NEW MACHINE.—"I've got a new machine," exclaimed a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's the funniest machine you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies right down your throat, and the bones right under the grates. Well, there was a country 'greenhorn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful; why it stuck that fellow so full of bones, that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."



A HOPELESS CASE.

LADY (who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half-hour).—"Yes, they are all very pretty. And now, can you help me to remember what I intended to have at first?"

LOVE OR HATE.

Love, O love, thy voice is sweet,
And thy face is wondrous fair!
Alas! have pity, have a care,
For I am silent with despair—
Too well I know thy voice is sweet.

Love, O love, how shall I speak
That which makes my heart acho so?
Words are far too weak, I know,
For hopeless love is hopeless woe.
Love, O love, how shall I speak?

Love, how darest thou be so fair?
My life, my death, my love, my fate,
Love me at last, though it be late—
Love me, or teach me how to hate—
I am so weary of despair. G. H. N.

THE HEART AND ITS DISEASES.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

It is an interesting and important fact that the more grave diseases of the heart are not painful, or but slightly so. Not unfrequently the first disturbance of its action which attracts attention indicates an advanced and incurable stage of a disease that has been in progress months, and perhaps years.

The converse of this proposition is emphatically true—namely, nervous and functional disorders of the heart are painful, or otherwise distressing, often to an apparently alarming extent. How many suffer from palpitation and believe they are afflicted with a fatal disease of the heart? How many have "pain about the heart," and cannot be convinced that there is no disease of that organ? How many have irregularities of the pulse, and suppose the heart must be in the last stages of disorganization? It will interest this class of real sufferers to learn some of the causes of their distress, and to what their sufferings may be attributed.

Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are often experienced in persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty years; they are, or have generally been, growing rapidly, are addicted to some vicious habits. In such persons, the blood is thin and poor, and the heart and nerves fail to perform their proper function for want of support. Derangement of the stomach often gives rise to these symptoms, and they may persist for a long period from this cause. A lady who for years suffered from violent paroxysms of palpitation, which many physicians attributed to organic disease of the heart, happened on one occasion to take some medicine which induced vomiting, and this act was followed by immediate recovery. Subsequently, whenever she had the symptoms of an approaching attack of palpitation, she resorted to an emetic, which not only gave relief to the paroxysm, but finally relieved her altogether. In another case, a patient entered a hospital suffering severely from violent action of the heart; he was bled, and blistered, and purged without benefit; having taken a large dose of medicine, vomiting ensued, with immediate and permanent relief.

Tea and especially green tea, is very liable to disturb the heart's action when used by susceptible persons. And there is no doubt that an immense number of persons in every community suffer from minor forms of heart derangement, due to the use of tea.

A physician once called upon a brother physician, in great alarm, saying: "I have called upon you to request you would let me die in your house." His pulse was scarcely discernible, and extremely irregular. He stated that he had drunk a great deal of strong green tea during the preceding night. On giving him a stimulant, he fell asleep, and on awakening, his distressing symptoms had disappeared.—*Hearst and Home.*

BROTHER N., a highly respectable member of the legal profession in an adjoining county, was always sound in matters of law, but never particularly brilliant in the presence of that great palladium of American liberty and umbrella of our rights sometimes called a jury. On one occasion his exordium in a criminal case rather detracted from his influence. "Coming from all parts of the country as you do, gentlemen, and acquainted with all kinds of rascality as all of you undoubtedly are" (here the foreman smiled), "and especially you, Mr. Foreman, I doubt if a case of equal atrocity to this ever was within your experience!"

The rise of waters in the Mississippi this spring is unprecedented in the annals of history. From St. Paul to New Orleans come accounts of the immense flow of water, the end is not yet. Between St. Paul and St. Louis, every town not located on some bluff is inundated with water, and the damage done thereby is counted by millions.

Professor Goltz, of Königsberg, in his experiments upon the nervous centre of frog, finds that if you take out the brain, and then rub a wet finger down the frog's back, the creature will croak as if pleased.

Frogs must be easily pleased.

At a recent sale of old coins in New York, a one-cent piece of 1800 brought \$35.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Root Crop.

The root crop has scarcely risen yet to the importance of a staple product in this country. Our agricultural societies recommend and foster the cultivation of roots; our agricultural writers show the superior quality of roots as food for stock; our leading practical agriculturists vindicate the profitability of root raising by practical and tangible results; and still the great body of our farmers persist in their prejudice against the crop, or at least, indifference to it.

This prejudice and indifference must, sooner or later, give way to more rational views. It is well known that the health of animals demands a mixed food. Hay is indeed for stock what bread is for man, the staff of life; but as man cannot be confined to bread and water diet, without injury to his system, neither can domestic animals be restricted to hay and water without similar injury. Succulent food is necessary not only to furnish nourishment, but to keep the system in a relaxed, and at the same time a vigorous condition. For accomplishing this end the root crop affords the cheapest and best means. This is plainly seen by comparing this with other crops. An acre of ground that will yield 40 bushels of oats will yield 1,000 bushels of mangold wursels. One that will yield 30 bushels of barley will yield 1,000 bushels of turnips; and 900 bushels of carrots will grow on an acre that will produce 20 bushels of rye. Surely one bushel of oats, of barley, or of rye is not worth as much to feed as 30 bushels of mangold, or of turnips, or of carrots.

In England 3,000,000 of acres are devoted to the cultivation of turnips, to say nothing of other roots, and the crop is estimated to be worth \$500,000,000. By means of this crop England has more than doubled her capacity for sustaining stock. As roots have increased in quantity and estimation, hay and grain have also increased, until, at the present time, the average yield of wheat to the acre in England is more than triple that in our own and the New England states. Further than this, England can show the best herds to be found anywhere in the world. Belgians have made roots a staple product for even a longer time than has England, and there are found the largest herds and the most population to the square mile of any country in Europe. A Belgian farmer devotes every fifth acre to the cultivation of roots, and thus makes a farm of forty acres keep a herd of twenty cows. The same process will insure to our farmers the same profitable results.—*Utica Herald.*

Systems in Farming.

The Princess was touched by the thoughtful compliment from her husband, who, in those days, was neither noted for his thoughtfulness nor his tenderness, and eagerly awaited her birthday in silence. The morning came, and numberless *cadeaux*, according to German custom, were carried into her bedchamber; among them one that bore her husband's handwriting on the covering. She tore off the wrapping trembling, almost weeping, and refusing assistance. The little casket contained a very handsome diamond bracelet—no necklace. What could it mean? Like the Queen, the Princess Royal is a martyr to jealous rage, and her fury may be imagined. But to discover what she was determined to learn she hid her rage, saying to herself, "A necklace like that would only be a fitting *cadeau* to some one who goes to court—I shall see it!" And she did. At the next court ball the searching eyes of the Crown Princess did not permit any one to pass unnoticed.

At last there entered a young and beautiful lady—a well-known belle; she wore that necklace! The eyes of her royal highness flashed as though giving back the light of the diamonds when her glance rested upon it. She walked deliberately up to the lady and asked her, in a tone quite audible to those near, "Who gave you that necklace?" The lady colored crimson, hesitated, stammered, and failed to reply. "Who made you a present of those exquisite diamonds?" demanded the Princess, varying her question. The lady, no quite confident, from the manner of the Crown Princess, that she knew the donor, and there was no mercy to be expected, stood silent. "It was given to me by the Crown Prince of Prussia, my husband. Deny it if you can—but you must not. I now leave this palace, and I never more will enter it until you have been openly forbidden to do so." With that she swept out of the salon. Of course the fair necklace-wearer was then and there dismissed in disgrace.

Instructions for the Erection of Lightning Rods.

By Professor Henry, Secretary of the "Smithsonian Institute."

1. The rod should consist of round iron about one inch in diameter; its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity, by being secured together by coupling ferrules.

2. To secure it from rust the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor.

3. It should terminate in a single platinum point.

4. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better; bending should be rounded, and not formed in acute angles.

5. It should be fastened to the building by iron eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass (I don't, however, consider the latter of much importance.)

6. The rod should be connected with the earth in the most perfect manner possible, and nothing is better for this purpose than to place it in metallic contact with the gas pipes, or, better, the water pipes, of the city. This connection may be made by a ribbon of copper or iron soldered to the end of the rod at one of its extremities, and wrapped around the pipe at the other. If a connection of this kind is impracticable, the rod should be fastened horizontally to the nearest well, and then turned vertically downward until the end enters the water as deep as its lowest level. The horizontal part of the rod may be buried in a stratum of powdered charcoal and ashes.

The rod should be placed, in preference, on the west side of the building. A rod of this kind may be put up by an ordinary blacksmith. The rod in question is in accordance with our latest knowledge of all the facts of electricity. Attempted improvements on it are worthless, and, as a general thing, are proposed by those who are but slightly acquainted with the subject.

TO PURIFY CISTERN WATER.—Let the spout run to the bottom of the cistern. You will then have new water every time it rains. The old water will be buoyed or borne up, and thrown off. Sometimes a single rain will throw off all the water and give entirely new. If you have any doubt of this, fill a pail with water, run a tube to the bottom of it, and, by means of a funnel, turn more water into it by way of the tube, and you will see that the water you turn into the tube will go to the bottom of the pail, and the water you put in first will be thrown off.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 55 letters.
My 24, 44, 7, 14, 4, 18, 11, 69, 8, 39, 42, is a character in "Triotria."
My 21, 9, 42, 43, is a character in "David Copperfield."
My 1, 6, 18, 26, 31, 22, 27, 20, 46, 51, 42, is a character in Burna.
My 7, 9, 35, 4, is a character in "Edwin Drood."
My 10, 17, 5, 23, 52, is a character in "A Family Falling."
My 24, 26, 15, 23, 32, 29, is a character in "Woman's Kingdom."
My 2, 19, 22, 54, is a character in "Tam O'Shanter."
My 10, 30, 48, 14, 12, 7, 23, 40, 28, is a character in "As You Like It."
My 33, 15, 9, 27, 41, is a character in "Twelfth Night."
My 45 is the initial of a well-known author.

My 12, 47, flourish in history.
My whole is a truthful old "Saw."

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Charade.

I am composed of four syllables.
My 1st is a vessel used by many.
My 2d is an article used by man.
My 3d is a French word.
My 4th is an article.

My whole is a medicine.

PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

In how many different ways, with respect to one another, can seven persons seat themselves at a round table?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

The hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to four-fifths of the sum of the other sides, and the diameter of a circle inscribed within it is 6 inches. What are the sides of the triangle? H. B. SPINK.

An answer is requested.

Conundrum.

Why is the letter "o" like the equator? Ans.—Because it is a circle dividing the globe into two equal parts.

What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volvo-nos, to be sure. Pat says that the chief glow of each comes from the "center."